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casion of Carriere's death. And this disturbing sentence as a postscript: "I have received a letter from Francis Jamrnes that will be one of the sorrows of my life/*

On each serious occasion Jammes's lack of real kindness is revealed again.

Nevertheless his two books that I received yesterday (*L'£glise habil-Ue de feuilles* and *Pensees de jardins)*[24] are full of marvelous pages.

9 April

I reread a few pages of Anatole France. . . .

I should like France more whole-heartedly if certain rash people did not try to make of him a writer of importance. That sets me wonder-ing. I fear that perhaps I have not been fair. I reopen *La Vie litteraire* and especially *Le Jardin cFEpicure,*[25] where his thought is most directly accessible. I read this sentence which I applaud:

"One thing above all gives charm to men's thoughts, and this is un-rest. A mind that is not uneasy irritates and bores me."

I am reminded of Goethe's remark: *The tremor of awe (das Schau-dern) is the best in man.* Alas! this is just it; no matter how I try, I do not feel any tremor in France; I read France without a tremor.

He is fluent, subtle, elegant. He is the triumph of the euphemism. But there is no restlessness in him; one drains him at the first draught. I am not inclined to believe in the survival of those upon whom every-one agrees right away. I doubt very much if our grandchildren, opening his books, will find more to read in them than we are finding. I know that, as far as I am concerned, I have never felt him to be ahead of my thought. At least he explains it. And this is what his readers like in him, France flatters them. Each one of them is free to think: "How well put that is! After all, I wasn't so stupid either; that's just what I was think-ing *too."*

He is well-bred; that is, he is always aware of others. Perhaps he does

not attach any great value to what he cannot reveal to them. Besides, I suspect that he hardly exists at all behind and beyond what he reveals to us. Everything comes out in conversation, in relationships. Those who frequent him appreciate being taken right into the drawing-room and the study; these rooms are on one floor; the rest of the house doesn't matter. In my case, I am annoyed not to have any hint of the near-by room in which a crime is committed or of the room in which people make love.

[24] *The Leaf-clad Church* and *Thoughts of Gardens*^ two collections of poems published in 1906.

[25] *The Literary Life,* four volumes of literary criticism published between 1888 and 1892, and *The Garden of Epicurus,* a novel (1895) full **of** random reflections.